

haue heere: sure they are bastards to the English, the French nere got em.

*La.* You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

*4. Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not so.

*Ol. Lord.* There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth of fourteen: I haue knowne thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say I sake you, but I giue Me and my seruice, euer whilst I liue Into your guiding power: This is the man.

*King.* Why then young *Bertram* take her thee's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes In such a busines, giue me leaue to vse The helpe of mine owne eies.

*King.* Know'st thou not *Bertram* what thee ha's done for mee?

*Ber.* Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I should marrie her.

*King.* Thou know'st thee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well: Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge: A poore Physicians daughter my wife? Disdaine Rather corrupt me euer.

*King.* 'Tis onely title thou disdaine in her, the which I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off In differences so mightie. If she bee

All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st) A poore Physicians daughter, thou dislik'st Of vertue for the name: but doe not so:

From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede. Where great additions swell's, and vertue none, It is a dropied honour. Good alone,

Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so: The propertie by what is, should go, Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,

In these, to Nature thee's immediate heire: And these breed honour: that is honours storene, Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,

And is not like the fire: Honours thrine, When rather from our acts we them deriue

Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a flauie Deboss'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue:

A lying Trophée, and as oft is dumbe, Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe. Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?

If thou canst like this creature, as a maide, I can create the rest: Vertue, and thee Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

*Ber.* I cannot loue her, nor will strue to doo't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st strue to choofe.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad: Let the rest go.

*King.* My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand, Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,

That dost in vile misprision shackle vp My loue, and her desert: that canst not dreame, We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know, It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where

We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt: Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good:

Beleue not thy disdain, but presentlie Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes. Or I will throw thee from my care for euer

Into the faggers, and the carelesse lapse Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate

Looking vpon thee, in the name of iustice, Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit My fancies to your eies, when I consider

What great creation, and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now

The praised of the King, who so ennobl'd, Is as 'twere borne so.

*King.* Take her by the hand, And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise A counterpoize: If not to thy estate,

A ballance more repleat.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the fauour of the King Smile vpon this Contract: whose Ceremonie Shall seeme expedient on the now borne brieft,

And be perform'd to night: the soleinne Feast Shall more attend vpon the coming space,

Expecting absent friends: As thou lou'st her, Thy loue's to me Religious: else, do's erre.

*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*

*Laf.* Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure sir.

*Laf.* Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

*Laf.* Is it not a Language I speake?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstood without bloudie succeding My Master:

*Laf.* Are you Companion to the Count *Rossillion*?

*Par.* To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of another stile.

*Par.* You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might passe: yet the scarffes and the banners about thee, did manifoldlie disswade me from beleueing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and chat'ing our scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

*Laf.* Do not plunge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

*Par.* My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* I wish all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I haue not my Lord deseru'd it.

*Laf.* Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not base thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Eu'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I haue a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell paines for thy sake; and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue.

*Par.* Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. He beate him (by my life) if I can meere him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. He haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of—He beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

*Enter Lafew.*

*Laf.* Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you haue a new Mistress.

*Par.* I most vnfaulinely beseech your Lordshippe to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue aboute is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God.

*Par.* I sir.

*Laf.* The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hofe of thy sleeves? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: mee-think'st thou art a generall offence, and euery man shold beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselves vpon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and vnderseued measure my Lord.

*Laf.* Go too sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranar, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leaue you.

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

*Par.* Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

*Ros.* Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

*Par.* What's the matter sweet-heart?

*Ros.* Although before the soleinne Priest I haue sworn, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what sweet heart?

*Ros.* O my Parolles, they haue married me: He to the *Tuscan* warres, and neuer bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

*Ros.* There's letters from my mother: What th'im-portis, I know not yet.

*Par.* That would be knowne: too'th warres my boy, too'th warres:

He weares his hono-

Thar hugges his kick-

Spending his manlie

Which should sustain

Of *Marses* fierie steed

France is a stable, we

Therefore too'th war

*Ros.* It shall be so,

Acquaint my mother

And wherefore I am

That which I durst n

Shall furnish me to t

Where noble fellow

To the darke house,

*Par.* Will this Cap

*Ros.* Go with me to

He send her straight a

He to the warres, she

*Par.* Why these bal

A yong man married,

Therefore away, and

The King ha's done y

*Enter H*

*Hel.* My mother g

*Cl.* She is not we

very merrie, but yet

uen she's very well,

yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be veri

not verie well?

*Cl.* Truly she's v

*Hel.* What two th

*Cl.* One, that she

her quickly: the othe

God send her quickly

*Enter*

*Par.* Blesse you m

*Hel.* I hope fir I h

owne good fortune.

*Par.* You had my

keepe them on, haue

my old Ladie?

*Cl.* So that you h

I would she did as y

*Par.* Why I say n

*Cl.* Marry you ar

tongue shakes out his

to do nothing, to kn

is to be a great part o

little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, th'art a

*Cl.* You should ha

knaue, that's before n

truth sir.

*Par.* Go too, thou

thee.

*Cl.* Did you finde

taught to finde me?

*Cl.* The search fi

may you find in youe

encrease of laughter.

*Par.* A good knaue

Madam, my Lord wi